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# Lincoln Cathedral

The Rev. Canon  
Venables

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Illustrated by  
Herbert Railton



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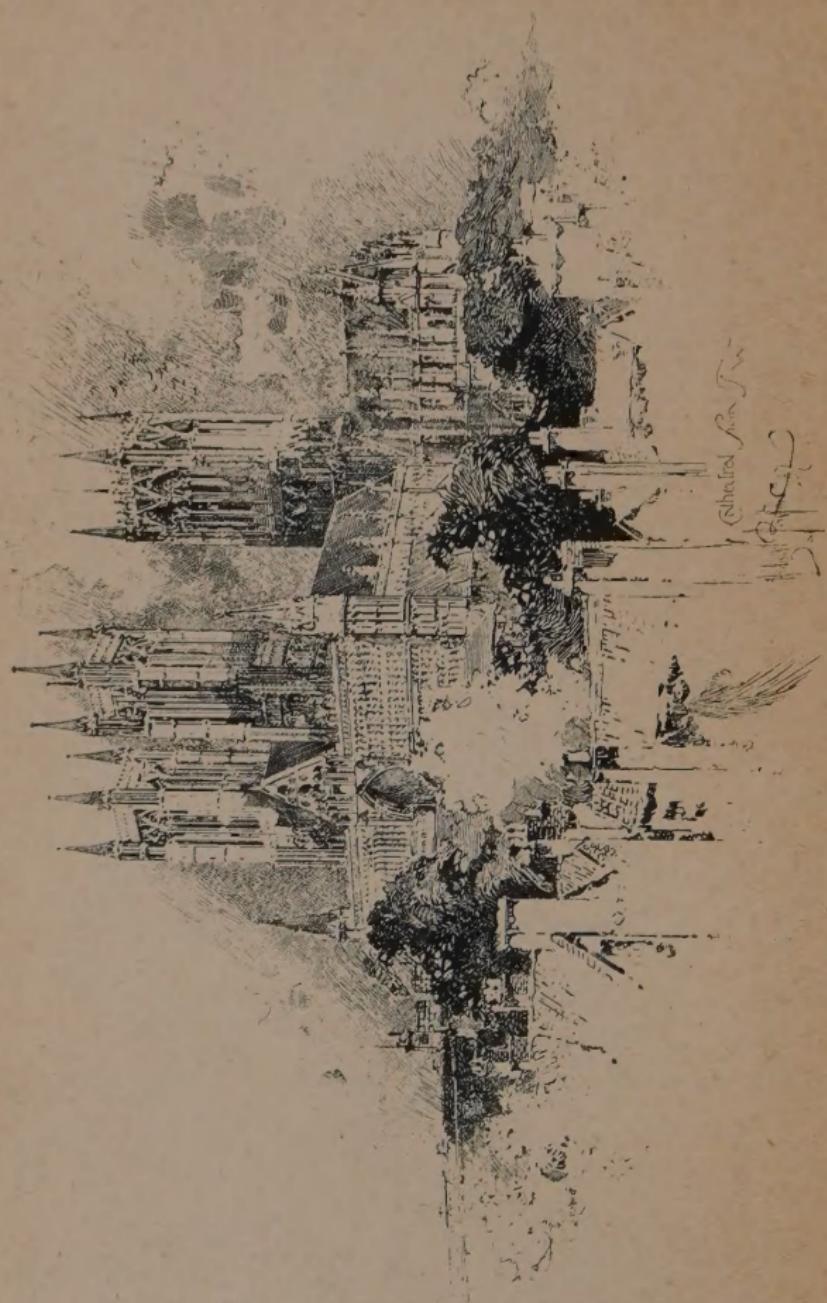




Lincoln  
Cathedral







Chartres from the  
West





# Lincoln Cathedral

By

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*Late Canon of Lincoln*

Illustrated by  
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## Lincoln Cathedral

“BEAUTIFUL for situation, the joy of the whole earth. On the north side lieth the city of the Great King.”

These words of the Psalmist instinctively occur to the mind when one gazes up from below at Lincoln Minster, seated in queenly majesty on what Wordsworth so aptly styles her “sovereign hill,” looking down in serene repose from her northern height on the din and turmoil of the busy streets and crowded factories which fill the valley below, or climb the steep hill-side. Nor is the first impression lessened on closer approach. The nearer we get to it, the more minutely we

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examine it, the more fully shall we realise the exquisite grace, both of the building as a whole and of its separate parts, down to its minutest detail.

But beyond its architectural glories, beyond the memory of the great and good men who have presided over the see of which it is the centre, beyond the stirring events of which it has been the scene, that which makes Lincoln Minster a veritable piece of the history of our country, which gives it its highest dignity, is the fact that it is a house of God, a Christian church ; for eight centuries the home and gathering-place of Christian souls, where they have met to hold communion with their God, that they might learn how to serve Him more truly and gain strength to do so. To this sacred character it owes its permanence. Castles and fortresses framed with even greater strength have passed away, or exist only in shattered ruins : the Cathedral of Lincoln and her fair sisters remain in all, or more

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than all, their pristine glory. As Dean Stanley has eloquently said of his own Abbey of Westminster, "Whatever our cathedrals have become of heroic, or historic, or artistic, they would have ceased to be if they had not been over all, and above all, places dedicated for ever to the worship of Almighty God."

Such thoughts as these fitly rise in the mind as we make our way along the High Street, crowded with market-folk and factory hands, and slowly climb the hill, justly called "The Steep," to the Cathedral precincts. As we mount, every few steps present some new object of historic interest, carrying us back to the earliest periods of a nation's annals such as few towns can show: the tall pre-Norman tower of St. Mary-le-Wyford, bearing on its face the sepulchral slab of a Roman soldier and his wife and son (Gauls by nation), utilised in later centuries—but so far back that the Norman Conquest was still a thing undreamt of—to commemorate the building of the church by

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the Saxon Ewig “to the praise of Christ and of St. Mary ;” the Grey Friars’ conduit, speaking of the holy zeal of the Franciscans who, everywhere settling themselves among the lowest dregs of the population, and feeling that “cleanliness was next to godliness,” laid down pipes and brought pure water from the hill to the very doors of the uncared-for and the hopeless ; the High Bridge, still preserving on one side the houses which here, as in all mediæval towns, converted the bridge into a continuation of the street. Here once stood the wayside chapel of St. Thomas Becket, in which wayfarers might give thanks for their preservation from the perils of the road, or pray for a safe return on their homeward journey. Then, too, we have the Stone Bow which spanned the street as the southern gate of the old city, and carries the Guildhall on its broad arch ; the two Jews’ houses, with their solid masonry and richly ornamented Norman doors and windows, at the same time telling

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of the wealth which enabled the Hebrew money-lender to build such stately mansions, when all around the houses were low hovels of wattle and daub, and of the fear which perpetually harassed them lest their hoards should become the booty of the marauder, and dictated their enclosing themselves and their treasures within strong stone walls ; the Bull-ring, where, almost within living memory, bulls were regularly baited for the diversion of a brutalised populace ; the blackened stones which mark the site of the southern gate of the Roman colony, built eighteen centuries ago ; the Conqueror's castle, with its frowning gateway and massive towers, under the shadow of which took place not a few of the struggles that have been the turning-points in English history. At these and other historic spots we might linger with profit and with interest ; but we must pass them all, and hurry on to the object of our visit, "the Cathedral Church of the blessed Virgin Mary of Lincoln."

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On reaching the summit of the almost precipitous ascent, glad enough to be on level ground once more, we turn to the right, with the castle gate behind us, and in front the massive western gatehouse of the Close, known as the Exchequer Gate from the Minster accounts having been kept there in old times, with the Cathedral towers and the upper part of the west front soaring above it. Under the shelter of this archway we may do well to pause a few minutes, and, while we recover breath after our climb, take a brief review of the history of the building.

When, on the eve of the Norman Conquest, Remy—or Remigius, as his name was Latinised—the almoner of the Abbey of Fécamp by the Norman seaboard, made his offer to Duke William of a ship and twenty armed men as a contingent for his invading force, neither of the parties could have anticipated that one fruit of the offer would be the erection of a cathedral which, even in



Lincoln Cathedral  
Bishop's Gate

W. H. Worthington



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the founder's days, was to hold high rank among the minsters of the newly-conquered land, and which was in later times to blossom forth into the vast and beautiful church we now see before us. The very name of Lincoln, or "Nicole," as the Normans called it, unable, like the Ephraimites, "to frame to pronounce it aright," must have been almost unknown to him. Whether, as was scandalously reported, there had been a secret compact between Remigius and William that if the land changed masters a bishopric should be his reward, it was evidently understood that those who cast in their lot with William were pretty sure to participate in the fruits of his success.

Remigius embarked with his fighting-men, landed with his chief at Pevensey, and, if not with his arms—which is by no means unlikely—certainly by his words, influenced and contributed to the Norman victory. It will be remembered that while Harold's English forces are reproached with having

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spent the night before the battle in drinking and singing, the Normans spent their night in listening to the religious exhortations of the bishops and other clergy, and in prayer and the confession of their sins. Of these exhorters Remigius was one. His reward was not long in coming. The year after the Conquest, Wulfgar, the English bishop of the vast Mercian diocese which had its "bishop's stool"—as our forefathers called it—at Dorchester-on-Thames, died, and his see was bestowed on Remigius. Contemporary chroniclers present us with his portrait: dwarfish in stature, dark in complexion, undignified in aspect. "Nature," says William of Malmesbury, "seemed to have formed him to show that the noblest spirit might dwell in the most wretched body." Discontented with a cathedral planted in a small village at the extreme southern end of his diocese, he obtained William's licence to transfer his see to Lincoln — "the Lindum Colonia" of the

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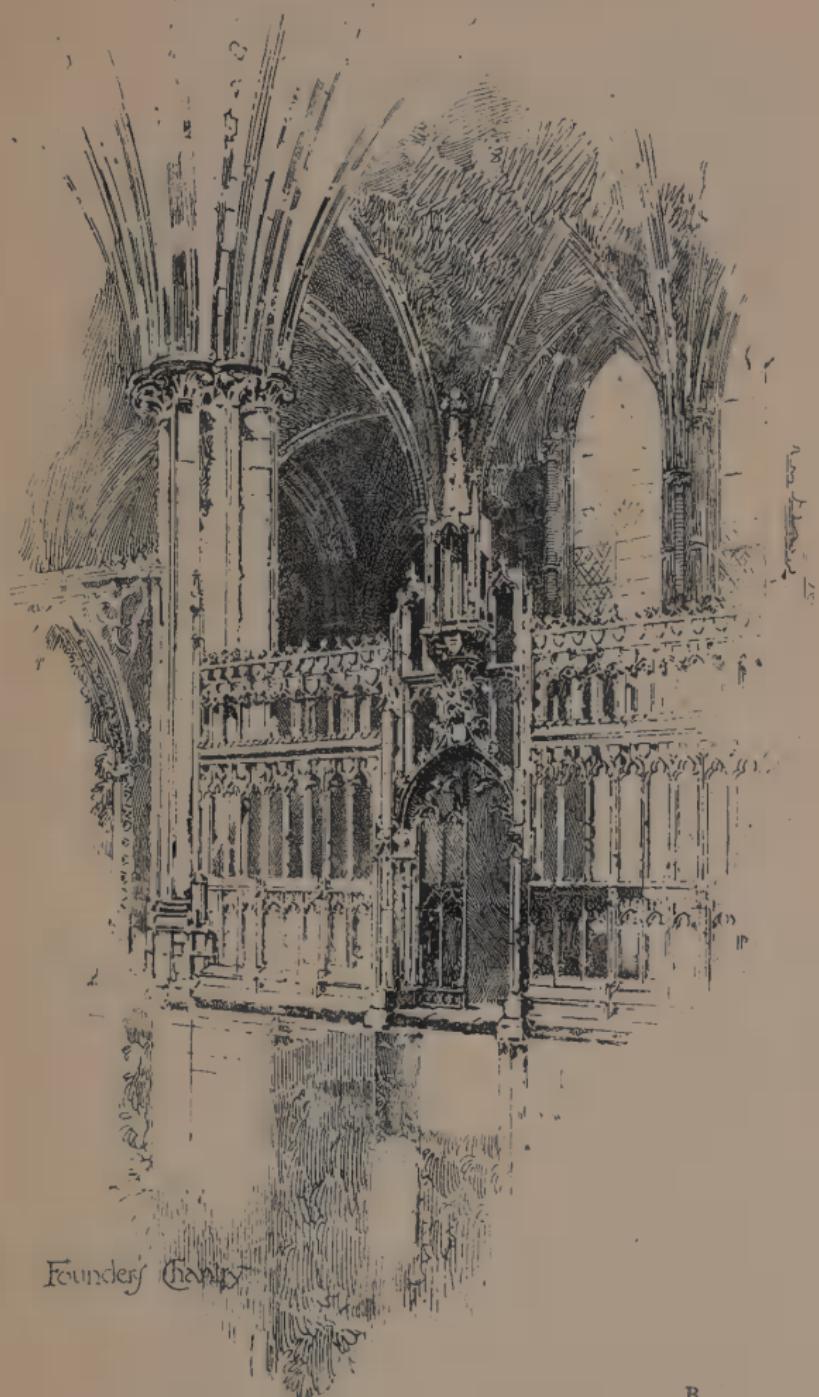
Romans, hoar with an antiquity of near a thousand years. There, having purchased the site of the burghers, he at once began to build a cathedral on the hill-top—in the words of Henry of Huntingdon, almost his contemporary—"strong as the place was strong, fair as the place was fair, as acceptable to the servants of God who were to minister in it as it was secure from the attacks of all enemies."

Begun about 1074, the church was ready for consecration in 1092. The 9th of May was fixed for the rite. Rufus had summoned all the prelates and great lords of the realm to the ceremony, which was to be of the grandest. But it did not take place. Three days before the day fixed, the founder of the church breathed his last, to find a grave in the still unhallowed fane. Remigius's church was after the Norman model, of which so many examples were then rising in every part of England. It was cruciform in plan, ending in a semicircular apse, with a central

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lantern, and prepared for the pair of western towers which so commonly formed part of a Norman design.

Where we stand we have before us the only visible remnant of this first cathedral, in the central portion of the western façade. It is characterised by the stern, almost savage plainness of the early Norman style. Three deep, cavernous recesses, their arches unrelieved by moulding or chamfer, break the flat, unadorned wall. Within, the first bay of the nave shows us what the interior of the building was like. Much lower, much shorter, somewhat narrower, and in all respects plainer than that which has succeeded it, we are thankful to have this one specimen of Remigius's building as an historical record, and still more thankful that the main feature has been supplanted by the light arcades and soaring vaults of Remigius's thirteenth-century successors. The springing of the semicircular east-end remains on each side beneath the floor of the choir stalls,



Founders' Chapel



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lost to the sight of all save the explorer. We shall have already observed three highly-ornamented Norman doorways, with carved shafts and grotesque mouldings, order within order, in the deep recesses of the front. And if we raise our eyes we shall see that the lower storeys of the western towers have arcades of the same style. On going round the corner, on either side a richly ornamented gable similarly arcaded can be seen projecting from the face of the towers. All these tell of the handiwork of the third Norman bishop, Alexander "the Magnificent," *i.e.*, the doer of great deeds. Remigius's immediate successor, Robert Bloet, left no mark on the fabric of the Cathedral. He inherited it finished and ready for consecration, and he may have thought that it wanted no more—though the western towers were as yet hardly begun—and that his wealth might be better bestowed on the essentials for divine service, and the enlargement of the staff. These he supplied with no niggard hand.

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He doubled the number of canons and their endowment, and furnished the church with silken palls, embroidered copes, chalices, reliquaries, and—what we shall regard as the best provision of all—copies of the Sacred Scriptures bound in gold and silver.

With all this munificence Bloet's character does not stand high. Whether the charge of sensual vices brought against him be true or not, he certainly was an easy-going, worldly man, a lover of state and display. Henry of Huntingdon tells us how one day, when he was sitting by his side at table, the bishop burst into tears at the contrast between the rich liveries his retinue of servants had once worn and the plainer garb to which the vexatious lawsuits and heavy fines Henry I. had imposed had reduced them. His end was of startling suddenness. Riding to the chase in Woodstock Park, now the ducal domains of Blenheim, in January, 1123, by the side of the sovereign—Roger, the mighty Bishop of Salisbury, riding on

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the other side—he suddenly threw up his arms, and with the words, “O Lord King, I die,” fell forwards stricken with apoplexy. He was buried in his Cathedral, his grave, according to popular belief, being haunted by foul spectres “until it had been purified by masses and alms.”

His successor, Alexander, the nephew of Henry’s mighty chancellor, the aforesaid Roger, like many of the prelates of the time, was more of a great temporal potentate than of a father in God ; in his earlier days, at least, a builder of castles (he erected three —Sleaford, Banbury, and Newark) rather than a builder of churches. At Lincoln, however, he deserves to be remembered gratefully. In 1141, the Minster having lost its roof and being otherwise damaged by an accidental fire, such as were continually occurring in the flat timber-ceiled Norman churches, Alexander vaulted the whole church with stone, and repaired the injury “with such subtle artifice,” writes the

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chronicler, "that it looked fairer than in its first newness." As we have already said, the western doorways, of remarkable beauty and richness, the lower portions of the towers, and the side gables bear witness to Alexander's munificence and the skill of his architect. The towers were originally capped with tall spires of timber, covered with lead. These were removed at the close of the fourteenth century—the precise date and the name of the builder are entirely unknown—when the lofty belfry storeys which soar into the air above us with their tall coupled windows were added. These, too, were finished with leaden spires, which, falling into decay and needing constant repair, were taken down, to the indignation of the people of Lincoln, in the early years of the present century. From their exceeding slenderness, the spires were very doubtful ornaments to the building, but they were a piece of the original fabric, and nothing could justify their removal.



Cathedral from 2<sup>o</sup>  
Pettengate

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Much as there is to see within and about the Minster, we cannot yet leave the west front. It will be seen that Remigius's plain Norman walls are set in a kind of frame of richly arcaded work of Early English date. Though architecturally a mistake, for it does not honestly answer to anything behind it, and is little more than an ornamental screen wall, no one can deny that the west front of Lincoln is a composition of singular grandeur of outline and beauty of detail. It belongs to the earlier half of the thirteenth century, the time of Robert Grosseteste, the Suffolk peasant's son, who from his cottage home rose to the highest celebrity in his generation as a scholar, a theologian, a mathematician, a philosopher, and who claims our special admiration as the dauntless champion of the liberties of the Church of England against Papal rapacity and Papal usurpation, and as the unsparing corrector of the flagrant immorality, covetousness, and indolence of the clergy of his day, while he himself ex-

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hibited the highest pattern of holiness of life and devotion to duty. The front is flanked by tall turrets crowned with spirelets. That to the south bears on its summit the mitred statue of Saint Hugh, the holy bishop who may be truly called the second founder of the Cathedral; on that to the north is seen the famous "Swineherd of Stow," a thirteenth-century Gurth blowing his horn to call his herd together. The story goes that he saved a peck of silver pennies in his life-time and bequeathed his hoard to the fabric of the Minster, and that the Dean and Chapter set up his statue where all might see it, and it might say to them, "Go and do thou likewise."

The open doors invite us to enter the Cathedral, but we must deny ourselves the privilege a little longer, until we have walked round the building, and rapidly traced its architectural history. Turning the south corner of the front we have a view of the long line of the nave, with its lancet windows,

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sturdy buttresses below, and flying buttresses above, arcaded clerestory, and western chapels. Here recorded history fails us, but we know that this part of the Cathedral must have been built between the death of St. Hugh in 1200, and the episcopate of Grosseteste, which began in 1235; and that the moving spirit was probably Grosseteste's predecessor and patron, another Bishop Hugh, known from his birthplace as Hugh of Wells, whose brother Jocelyn was at the same time engaged in rebuilding his own native cathedral.

The only certain date is given by a catastrophe, which architectural evidence assures us must have taken place after the nave and transepts had been fully completed. This was the collapse, in 1237, of the central tower, which had been recently built, but, as was often the case with these mid-towers, on pillars too slight to sustain the huge mass they had to bear. Grosseteste was just then beginning his vigorous episcopate, and one

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of his first acts was to put his own house—his Cathedral Chapter—in order. Much needed reforming there ; but, as usually happens when the need is the most pressing, the subjects of the reformation resisted it most indignantly. They stood upon their rights ; they even resorted to forgery to maintain them. “No bishop had ever visited them ; no bishop ever should.” In the full heat of this struggle one of the canons, having to preach in the nave, appealed to the people against his bishop. “Such,” he cried, “are the deeds of this man, that if we were to hold our peace the very stones would cry out.” The words were hardly out of the preacher’s mouth when down came the tower, crushing two or three innocent people in its fall, but not injuring the chief offender, who did not fear to speak evil of dignities. Grosseteste, strong man as he was, disregarded the omen, prosecuted his visitation, purged the Chapter of the slothful luxurious men who were its

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disgrace, and manifested equal care for the material fabric.

His renowned episcopate, which shed lustre on the whole English Church, saw the commencement of the great central tower, which is the chief glory of the Cathedral, and which may be styled one of the two or three most beautiful towers in Christendom. In his days were built the two lower storeys, the walls of which are encrusted with the diaper, seen also in the gable of the west front, and popularly known as Grosseteste's mark. The Cathedral had to wait till the end of the century for the lofty belfry stage, which is the crowning ornament of the central tower, as pure an example of the Decorated style as the lower part is of the Early English. This was promoted by Bishop John of Dalderby—a holy man, whose canonisation the Chapter vainly tried to procure from the venal Roman Church—and was ready to receive its bells in 1311. This tower, like its western

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sisters, once had a tall leaden spire—the loftiest, it was said, in England—which was struck by lightning and fell in the early days of the boy-king, Edward VI., the 31st day of January, 1588.

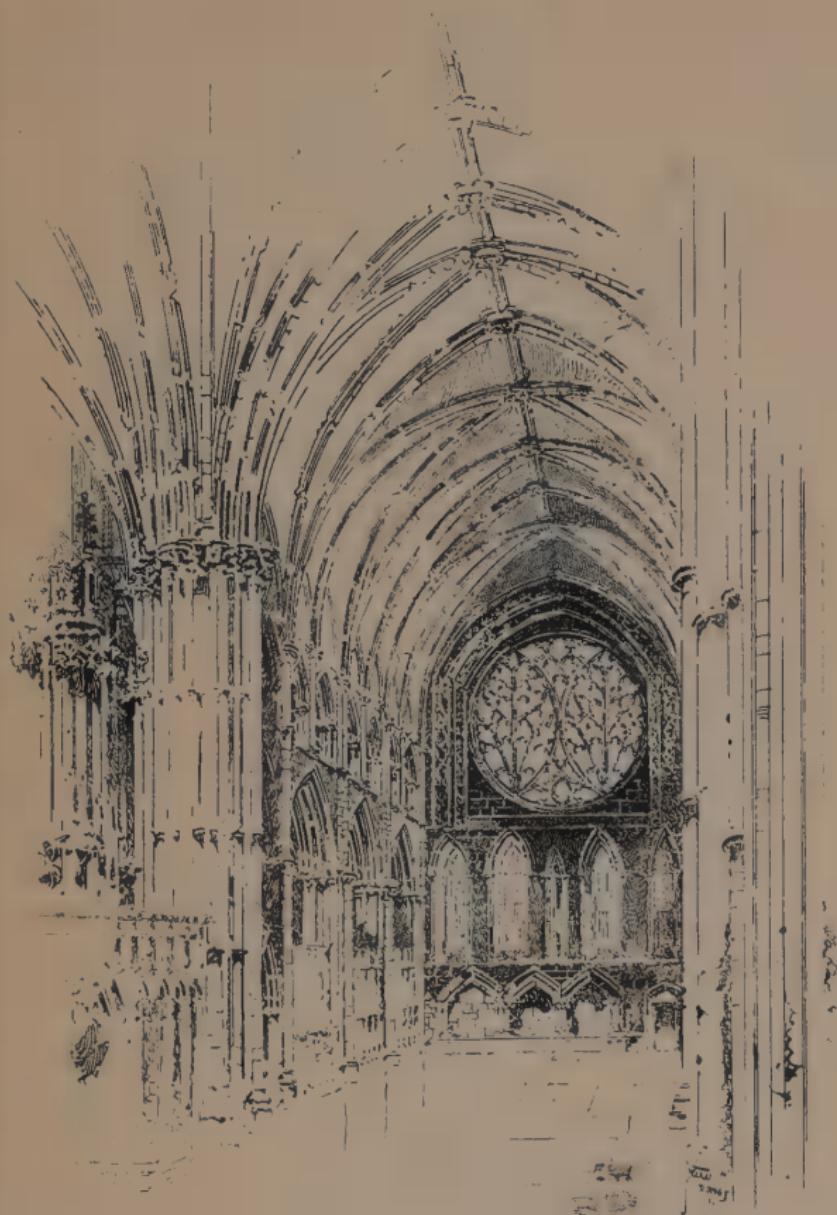
The transepts, or cross-aisles, are intermediate in date between the choir and the nave. Each of them, as at Westminster Abbey, has a circular or rose window in its front. These round windows—rather a rare feature in an English church—formed part of St. Hugh's original plan. The Metrical Chronicle tells that they were meant to symbolise the two eyes of the church ; that to the north, on which side lay the deanery, signifying the “Dean's Eye,” watchfully open to guard against the snares of Lucifer, the Evil One, who, according to Isa. xiv. 13, “sits in the sides of the north ;” that to the south, overlooking the episcopal palace, the “Bishop's Eye,” inviting the genial influences of the Holy Spirit. The present Bishop's Eye has delicate flowing tracery of

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Decorated date, a century later than the window which originally occupied its place, and which, like the Dean's Eye, had what we call plate-tracery of the Early English style.

At the south-west corner of the south transept stands a lofty two-storeyed vaulted porch, known as the Galilee. It is an example of Early English at its loveliest and purest. The room above served as the court of justice of the Dean and Chapter, at the time when they enjoyed exclusive jurisdiction in the Close. The name "Galilee," which we find also at Ely and Durham, was in frequent use in the Middle Ages for a porch ; and according to the old ritualists, it was supposed to have reference—though the connection is by no means evident—to the words of the Gospel, Matt. xxviii. 7, "Lo, He goeth before you unto Galilee ; there shall ye see Him."

Beyond the transepts we come upon the most interesting portion of the building, both



South Transept  
The Bishop's Eye

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architecturally and historically, the choir of St. Hugh. We cannot here narrate the career of this singularly "holy and humble man of heart," one of the most fearless champions of right before the fierce Plantagenet kings, the constant friend of the poor, the outcast, and the oppressed, whose name so deservedly occupies a place in the Anglican Calendar on November 17th, the day when in the last year of the twelfth century he entered into rest. We can now only briefly mention his connection with this Cathedral.

When in 1186, in obedience to the will of his sovereign, Henry II., who had previously summoned him from his much-loved cell at the Grande Chartreuse to preside over a Somersetshire monastery of his own royal foundation, he reluctantly accepted the see of Lincoln, he found his Cathedral rent from base to summit by an earthquake occurring in the previous year. Its restoration was one of his first cares. It was to be built in the new style—Early English Gothic, as we

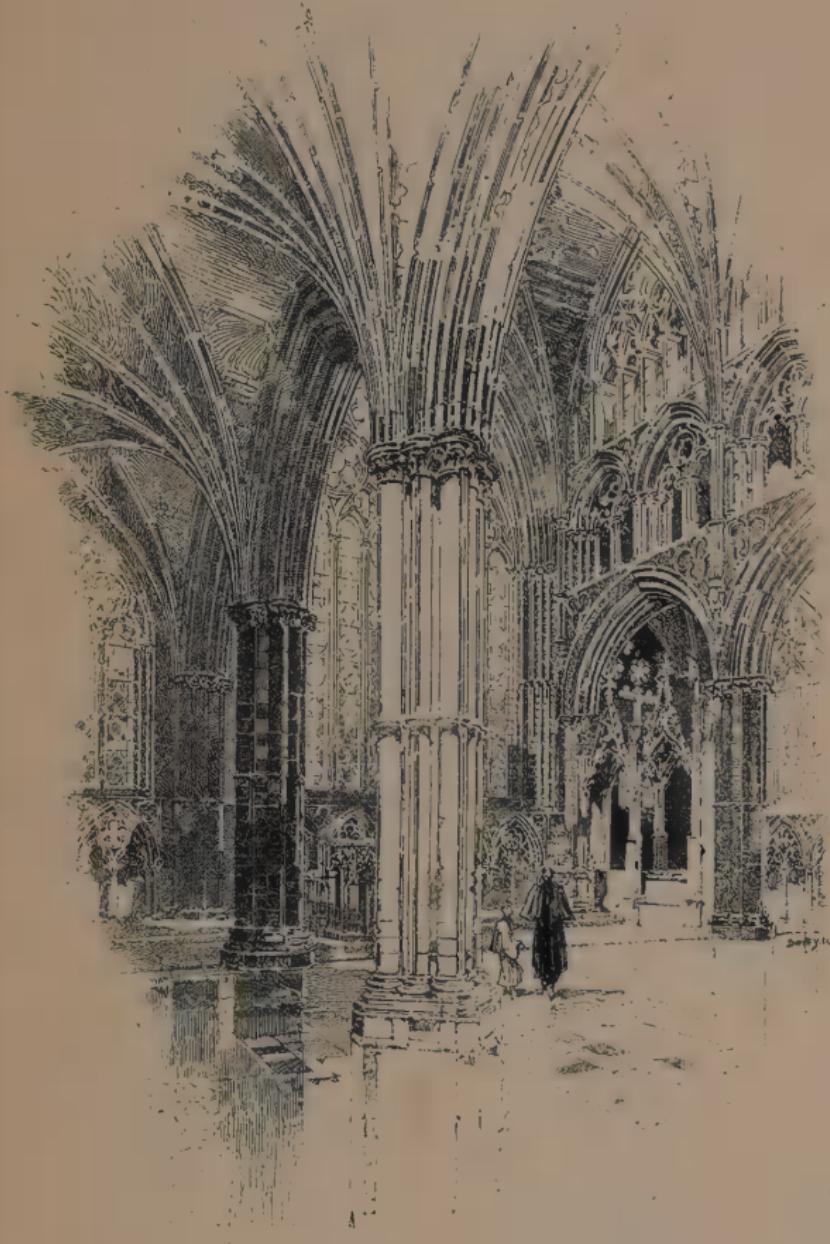
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call it—which had recently been developed step by step, out of the ruder Norman, and to be in every part as worthy of its high purpose as human skill could make it. Six years were spent in preparing for so great a work. In 1192 the foundation was laid, and before his death, in 1200, the choir and eastern transepts, and a portion of the western transept, were completed. As originally built, it ended like Westminster Abbey in a polygonal apse, with a six-sided lady-chapel behind. But all beyond the eastern transept was removed half a century after St. Hugh's death for the erection of the matchless “Angel Choir,” built to form a fitting shrine for the remains of the sainted founder, to which they were “translated”—such is the recognised ecclesiastical term—in 1281, in the presence of Edward I., his much-loved Queen Eleanor, and their royal children, and a host of bishops and barons summoned from all parts to swell the pageant.

With the erection of this easternmost

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portion, in which English Gothic architecture reaches a perfection of beauty of form and delicacy of detail which has been rarely equalled and never surpassed, the fabric of the Cathedral, with the exception of the towers and one or two small side chantry chapels, was brought to a conclusion. The whole work of re-edification, from the laying of the first stone of St. Hugh's church to the translation of his body, occupied something less than a century, no unduly long time for so great a work. In old times men built slowly, and they built solidly, and therefore their labour remains. It was no task work they did ; they put their hearts into it. They loved it, and did it as well as they knew how, because they felt that the house they were building was "not for man but for the Lord God." The light of the lamp of sacrifice beamed in every detail, and rendered the whole an offering worthy of Him who was to be worshipped therein. As Wordsworth writes—



The Angel Choir



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“ They dreamt not of a perishable house  
Who thus could build.”

And in this they had their reward, as all will have who humbly and faithfully work for God. For the law of our being is that the more we give the more we love ; the more we forget ourselves in the service we render, the happier the rendering of that service becomes, and the richer its fruit.

Entering the Cathedral by Bishop Alexander's richly-sculptured and pillared Norman doorway, one of the grandest portals of its date in the kingdom, we have on each side of us one bay of Remigius's Norman cathedral, plain, stern, solid, lower, and narrower than that which has supplanted it. Before us stretches the long arcaded vista of the vaulted nave, the work, as it will be remembered, of the episcopate of Hugh of Wells, in the early part of the thirteenth century—a marvellous combination of dignity and grace, in which we hardly know whether to

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admire most the baldness of its construction or the elegance of its detail.

Impressive as this noble nave is when empty, it is still more impressive when it is full, as it is every Sunday evening and on many other occasions. The day is happily past when our cathedrals were regarded almost as the private chapels of the Deans and Chapters, with doors fast locked and barred except at the hour of divine service, and that service strictly confined within one small portion of the vast building; when preaching was rare, and that of an "academic" sort, addressed *ad clerum* rather than *ad populum*, to the educated few rather than to the uneducated many; when worshippers were scanty and select, attracted too often more by the music than by the opportunity for united prayer and praise; when their naves were empty, looked upon as a stately vestibule to the sanctuary rather than as a part of the sanctuary itself, and the idea of employing them for worship had scarcely

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dawned on the minds of any of their guardians, and the little use made of our cathedrals provoked the question why they should be kept up at all except as specimens of architecture and museums of archæological curiosities. God be thanked, such a dreary abuse of great opportunities has everywhere ceased, and our cathedrals are felt to be important and influential engines for good, not for the classes only, but still more for the masses.

But to pass from the use of the building to the building itself, one of the most striking objects in the nave is the grand Norman font of black marble, supported on four shafts round a central column, its sides carved with mythical monsters recalling the Nineveh sculptures. Similar fonts occur in Winchester Cathedral and in some other Hampshire churches, and one in Lincolnshire. Recent investigations tend to show that they are all of Belgian origin, and that the marble of which they are formed is hewn from a quarry near Termonde. What brought

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them here? Who can tell or even guess? The nave itself exhibits that bold disregard of rigid uniformity combined with general harmony which imparts to mediæval buildings a living character as things that have grown bit by bit, not monotonously fashioned by rule and measure. The piers that support the arches are of two or three patterns, and the wall-arcades beneath the aisle windows are different on the two sides. More than this, when the tower fell and tore down a bit of this arcade on the north side, the repairers scorned to copy what they saw, and made up the breach with a patch of a different design.

Passing into the transepts we see, on either side, the circular windows, the two "eyes" of the church of which we have already spoken; the "Dean's Eye" of the thirteenth century to the north, and the "Bishop's Eye" of the fourteenth century to the south. Each glows with rich mediæval glass. That of the "Dean's Eye," representing the heavenly hierarchy adoring the Divine

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Being, is a priceless work, of the date of the window, but that of the "Bishop's Eye" is a mere collection of confused fragments, the survival of Puritan devastations, the effect of which, however, in its confusion, especially when the southern sun is shining on it and through it, is so splendid that one could hardly wish it other than it is. The story told here, as in so many other places, of the apprentice who saved the bits of glass rejected by his master, and put them together so skilfully that it outdid the work of his master, who, in his vexation hurled him from the triforium gallery, is as devoid of foundation at Lincoln as everywhere else. There is at least a hundred years between the two windows, and the glass is of many dates.

At the south-west corner of the south transept stands the two-storeyed Galilee Porch, of which we have also spoken, built to provide a state entrance for the bishop, whose palace lies a short distance to the south. The two buildings, Cathedral

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and palace, are separated by the city wall and the lofty earthworks, mound, and ditch which formed the southern boundary of the Roman city of "Lindum Colonia." The bishop, therefore, had no direct access to his Cathedral until Henry I. gave Bishop Bloet leave to pierce the city wall, provided it could be done without injury to the security of the citizens. The roundheaded archway then formed still stands firm and strong after the lapse of nearly eight centuries, but it has long since been blocked up, and is now half buried by the rise of the soil. Past it runs the favourite walk of the present bishop. There among his snow-white pigeons and gorgeous peacocks, on a sunny terrace bordered with gay old-fashioned flowers, the tribute of the parsonage-gardens of the diocese, with the stately towers of the Cathedral rising on one side and the busy town with its tall chimneys and huge factories filling the valley below, he finds what may be called a typical position for

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a bishop's residence, "below the church and above the world."

The present bishop is the first since the Reformation who has lived where, as a rule, all bishops ought to live, in their cathedral city, and close to their cathedral church. The shameless robbery of the see by the greedy statesmen who exercised authority in the name of the boy-king Edward VI., compelled the bishops of Lincoln to seek a more modest home. So the palace was deserted—the palace which had been the episcopal residence since the beginning of the twelfth century; the home of St. Hugh and of Grosseteste; of Alnwick, the counsellor of Henry VI. in his royal foundation of Eton and King's College, Cambridge; of Smith, the founder of Brasenose College, Oxford, in which Henry VII. spent his first Easter after his accession to the throne, and "full like a Cristen prynce," with his own noble hands "humbly and cristely for Crystes love,"

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washed the feet of twenty-nine poor men in the Great Hall, and in which Henry VIII. and his fifth queen — the loose-living Katherine Howard, who, the next year, lost her head for acts, of some of which this palace was the scene—were received, on their way into Yorkshire, by Bishop Longland, the bitter persecutor of the early “Gospellers.”

Then came the Great Rebellion, when the palace was first turned into a prison, and then despoiled of its lead and even of its ironwork, windows, and wainscots, and all that would fetch money, and left to the slow but sure action of the elements as a useless ruin. In the dark days of the last century, when all reverence for ancient buildings had died out, and they were regarded as mere encumbrances of the ground, the palace was used as a stone quarry for the repairs of the Cathedral, the chapel was pulled down, its roofless hall was turned into an orchard, and each year saw the once grand pile sinking



Choir looking  
west



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into more irreparable decay. But happily the palace never passed out of the possession of the see, and little by little it has recovered its ancient purpose. Bishop Jackson made it the residence of his secretary, and the place of his weekly interviews with his clergy; Bishop Wordsworth, though unable to carry out his much-cherished wish of making it his home, commenced the work of restoration in the repair of Bishop Alnwick's Tower, for the use of the students of the Chancellor's Theological School. The work has been completed by Bishop King, and Lincoln has once more welcomed its bishop as a permanent resident. The old episcopal chapel being hopelessly ruined, a new chapel has been cleverly constructed out of a portion of the domestic buildings, and additional rooms have been built, with long suites of bed-chambers for the reception of the clergy and of the candidates for Orders at the Ember seasons.

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But, though some account of this historic palace cannot be regarded as out of place, it is time that we should return to the Cathedral. Beyond the transepts is the choir, the work of St. Hugh, at the close of the twelfth century, at which he sometimes wrought with his own hands, the earliest dated example of pure Gothic in the country, without any trammelling admixture of earlier forms, simple and dignified. We enter it under a richly carved vaulted screen of the fourteenth century, originally resplendent with gilding and colour, on which now stands the organ, but which in earlier days supported the Great Rood or Crucifix with the images of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. John on either side. The choir is furnished with a range of sixty-two stalls, with elbowed seats below, rising in three tiers on each side, and returned at the end. The Dean occupies the right-hand stall at the entrance; the Precentor, the chief musical officer, that to the left; the Chancellor, the

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theologian and literary official of the Chapter, who in old times wrote the letters and arranged the preachings, and took care of the library, is seated in the last stall of the southern range to the east; the Treasurer was originally placed in a corresponding place on the north side. The reason of the dignitaries being so placed was that they might overlook every part of the choir, and maintain order among the vicars and singing boys, not always so intent on their sacred functions as they should have been.

But where the Treasurer used to sit, a treasurer sits no longer. At the Reformation the office ceased. A cathedral treasurer was not like a treasurer of modern times, the financier and account-keeper of the body. His charge was not the treasure, but the treasures of the church, *i.e.*, the altar vessels and furniture, the mitres and vestments, the pixes and paxes, the crucifixes, staves, and processional crosses, the censers and chris-  
matories, and the other costly ornaments and

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adjuncts belonging to the unreformed service, with which no cathedral was more richly furnished than that of Lincoln. Under the cloak of zeal for the purity of religion the whole of this gorgeous store, with which the piety of former ages had enriched the Cathedral, was carried off by the Commissioners of Henry VIII., and went into the king's jewel-house, and thence into the melting-pot of this royal "robber of churches." The Cathedral treasure-house was left empty. The story goes that the then treasurer, feeling "his occupation gone," dashed down the now needless keys on the floor of his stall, removed to that of the prebend, which he held together with his treasurership, and never entered it again. Certain it is that no subsequent treasurer was ever appointed. "Abrepto thesauro thesaurarii desiit munus," writes the chronicler of the day. "The treasure being carried off, the treasurer's office came to an end."

But to turn from their occupants to the

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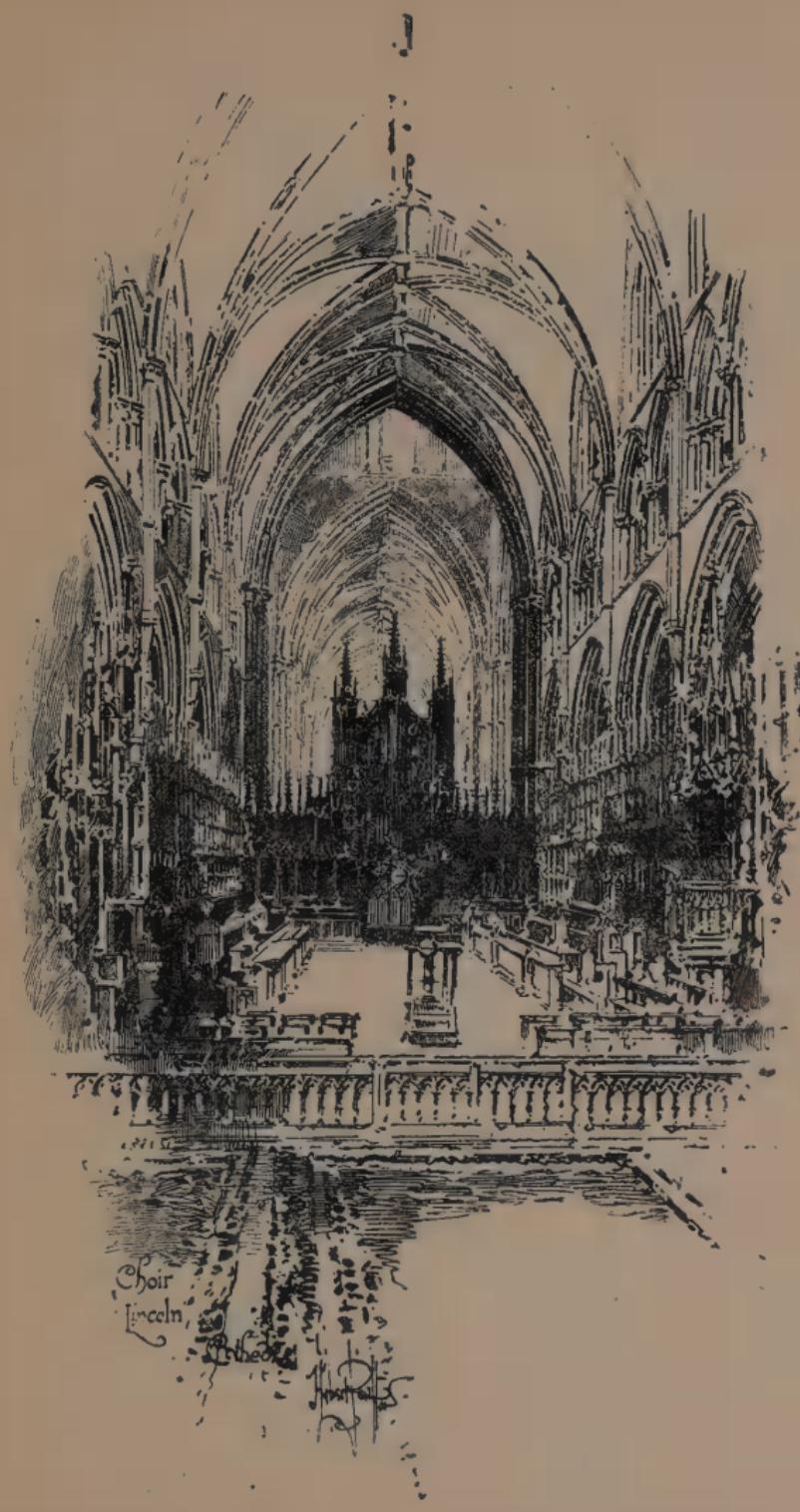
stalls themselves, we may look far to find tabernacle work of greater beauty than that of the tall, spire-like canopies which tower above them. According to the late Mr. Pugin, they have no equals in England for "variety and beauty of design and accuracy of workmanship." The niches of these canopies, long vacant, have recently received as tenants statuettes of the saints of the Anglican Calendar from St. Andrew onward, all being voluntary offerings, mostly from the present occupants of the stalls. Each stall has a hinged turn-up wooden seat, with a projecting bracket on the under side, known in old times as *misericords* or *misereres*. This name they gained from being merciful provisions for the relief of wearied human nature, offering a partial support to the body during the protracted services of the earlier Church, without adopting the irreverent attitude—now, alas too common—of sitting in prayer. Those who used them, however, had to beware lest

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drowsiness overtook them. If the body was thrown too far forward the seat lost its equilibrium, and the sleeper was in danger of being hurled down, to his own disgrace and the derision of others.

All these *misericords* have quaint carvings, some of sacred subjects, such as the Resurrection and Ascension; some grotesques, not always quite in harmony with the sacred character of the building. The poppy head of the precentor's stall represents on its three sides, first, two monkeys churning; secondly, a baboon who has stolen the pat of butter hiding among the trees; and thirdly, the hanging of the thief, the churners pulling the ropes and the culprit with clasped hands offering his last prayer. On one of the turn-up seats below, the baboon's lifeless body is being carried by the executioners to burial.

Beyond the stalls, on the south side, is that from which a cathedral — properly speaking, a cathedral church, “ecclesia





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cathedralis"—receives its title, namely, the *cathedra*, or official seat of the bishop. This seat or "throne" is the distinctive mark of a cathedral. In whatever church, be it large or small, stately or mean, a bishop places his official seat, that church at once becomes his cathedral church. We have had not a few instances in recent times of this accession of rank to an ordinary parish church, as at Truro, Newcastle, Wakefield, and the meanest of them all, a standing disgrace to the second city in the Empire, St. Peter's, Liverpool.

In St. Hugh's choir the example of the Cathedral of Canterbury—a plan derived from Clugny—was followed. It was provided with a second pair of transepts, each with two semicircular chapels on the east side. One of these, that of St. John the Baptist, by the cloister door, was by his own desire the original burial-place of St. Hugh, whose patron saint the Baptist was. The last directions to his architect on his death-

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bed were for the construction of the altar in this chapel and its consecration. "I shall not be present in body," he said, "but I shall be there in spirit." "Bury me there," he continued, "where I have so often loved to minister; but lay me by the side of the wall, where people will not be in danger of tripping over my tomb." He had sought not to be a stumbling-block to his brethren in life, and he would be grieved to prove a stumbling-block to them when dead.

The corresponding chapel in the south transept, that of St. Peter, was in 1205 desecrated by the murder of the then sub-dean, William Bramfield, "a good and righteous man," we are told. As he was kneeling in prayer at the altar he was slain, for what cause we are not told, by one of the vicars of the church, who was speedily "torn to pieces" by the sub-dean's attendants, and his mangled body dragged through the streets and hung on the town gallows on Canwick Hill.

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The humble and holy Hugh was not allowed to remain long in the lowly grave he had chosen for himself. Miraculous cures, according to the belief of the age, began to be worked at his tomb. He received canonisation from the Pope, and it was decreed that he must have another resting-place. So, as we have already said, the apse he had erected half a century before was pulled down, the Cathedral was lengthened by five bays, and on its completion the saint's body was carried in stately procession to a shrine covered with plates of silver gilt, standing behind the high altar, in the middle of the "Angel Choir," that exquisite architectural work, the very crown and glory of the Decorated style.

At the Reformation, in common with all such "monuments of superstition," the shrine was destroyed by the command of Henry VIII., the gold and silver work sharing the fate of the before-mentioned ornaments of the church, and the bones of

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the saint were interred in a grave hard by. "His body is buried in peace ; but his name liveth for evermore." Of the tomb of his great successor, Robert Grosseteste, destroyed when the Cathedral was sacked by the Parliamentary soldiers in 1644, only some shattered fragments remain, awaiting a well-deserved restoration, which we trust may not be much longer deferred. Near Hugh's last resting-place rises the lofty canopied monument of one whose name will go down to posterity as one of the greatest prelates of the Church of England, great alike in learning, piety, and dauntless courage, the late bishop of the see, Christopher Wordsworth. His mitred effigy reposes upon a richly carved altar-tomb.

At Bishop Wordsworth's feet is the chantry chapel of one of his predecessors in the fifteenth century, Bishop Fleming, noteworthy chiefly for the part he took in carrying out the decree of the Council of Constance for the exhumation and burning of

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the remains of the “arch-heretic” Wycliffe, the “morning star of the Reformation,” to whom we owe the first complete English translation of the Bible. But how vainly does man endeavour to crush God’s truth ! The hateful decree was carried out. Wycliffe’s bones were burnt in Lutterworth churchyard, and the ashes cast into the river Swift which runs through it ; but, as old Fuller writes, “this brook did convey his ashes into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow sea, and this into the wide ocean. And so the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over.”

Beneath the east window stands a monument which, though the most recently erected in the Cathedral, commemorates a royal lady of the thirteenth century whose name shines with purest lustre in the annals of our land, Eleanor of Castile, the consort of Edward I., who died at Harby, within a few miles of Lincoln, the portions of whose

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body removed in the process of embalming were interred here. It is, at the same time, a memorial of the large-hearted liberality of one of the leading citizens of Lincoln, the late High Sheriff of the county, Mr. Joseph Rusten. The restoration of the beautiful monument, destroyed in the havoc of the Puritan soldiery in the Great Rebellion, was rendered easy by the existence of a drawing made by Sir William Dugdale before the great civil troubles began, and by the proof which this drawing gave of the Lincoln tomb being a "replica" on a smaller scale of that at Westminster. A richly carved altar-tomb bears a gilt-bronze effigy of the queen, of exquisite grace and beauty.

Much that Lincoln Minster contains of historical interest and architectural beauty must be passed over in this brief sketch; but we cannot omit to mention one of its most instructive memorials, the shrine of little St. Hugh, in the south choir aisle. From the very earliest ages of Christianity

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down to our own times the horrible charge—always we are persuaded, groundless—has been brought against the Jews of torturing and murdering Christian children in mockery of our blessed Lord's suffering, and has been made the ground of cruel persecution. "Anti-Semitism," which has developed so fiercely in late years, especially in Russia, is no new thing; but, however contrary to the true spirit of Christianity, it is, sad to say, almost coeval with the establishment of its power as the dominant religion. In all countries the same hideous tales have been repeated and believed. In our own land the so-called martyrdoms of St. William of Norwich, St. Harold at Gloucester, St. Robert at Edmunsbury, and others, culminating in the most famous of them all, that which has taken a wide place in our ballad literature, and which Chaucer has immortalised—

" Young Hew of Lincolne slaine also  
With cursed Jewes, as it is notable  
For it nis but a litel while ago"—

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bear witness to the same credulous acceptance of unfounded accusations against members of a hated race, whom it was very convenient to get rid of. The Jews, it will be remembered, were the great money-lenders—indeed, the only money-lenders—of the Middle Ages, and to get your creditor hanged and his account-books burned was a rough-and-ready way to discharge one's liabilities.

Whatever may be thought of the charge the supposed murder of little St. Hugh, a boy of Lincoln, and the consequent execution of a large number of Jews and the confiscation of their property, as accessories to the crime, in 1255, are historical events which cannot be questioned. The Dean and Chapter begged the body of the little child, and gave it the honour of a richly-carved shrine and an altar in the minster, beneath which the tiny skeleton still reposes. His martyrdom holds its place in the Roman Catholic calendar. Five and thirty years after



Chapter House  
Lincoln  
July 25.

1832

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this Lincoln persecution, the Jews, as a body, were expelled from the realm, their property was confiscated, and any Jew found in England after All Saints' Day, 1290, incurred the penalty of death by hanging.

One is tempted to linger within the beautiful ten-sided Chapter-house, with its vaulted roof spreading from a central pillar, to dwell on the great historical memories of Edwardian Parliaments, to conjure up the scene of the trial of the much maligned, but not altogether guiltless, Knights Templars, or that of the "Pilgrimage of Grace" so vividly described by Froude ; but, though much has been left unsaid, we must bring our walk to an end, hoping that what we have told may induce many to visit Lincoln for themselves.

**University of Southern California**

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